

Heard many greuous. I do say my Lord  
Greuous complaints of you; which being consider'd,  
Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall  
This Morning come before vs, where I know  
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,  
But that till further Triall, in those Charges  
Which will require your Answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs  
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* I humbly thanke your Highnesse,  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe  
And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know  
There's none stands vnder more calumnious tongues,  
Then I my selfe, poore man.

*King.* Stand vp, good Canterbury,  
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted  
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, stand vp,  
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,  
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd  
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that  
I should haue tane some paines, to bring together  
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to haue heard you  
Without indurance further.

*Cran.* Most dread Liege,  
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honesty:  
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies  
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,  
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing  
What can be said against me.

*King.* Know you not  
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?  
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises  
Must beate the same proportion, and not euery  
The Iustice and the Truth o'th' question carries  
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what case  
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knowes as corrupt  
To sweare against you: Such things haue bene done.  
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice  
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,  
I meane in periur'd Witness, then your Master,  
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd  
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,  
You take a Precept for no leape of danger,  
And woe your owne destruction.

*Cran.* God, and your Maiesty  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me.

*King.* Be of good cheere,  
They shall no more p'uaile, then we giue way too:  
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see  
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance  
In charging you with matters, to commit you:  
The best perswasions to the contrary  
Faile not to vse, and with what vehemencie  
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this Ring  
Deliver them, and your Appeale to vs  
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:  
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,  
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule  
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,  
And do as I haue bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*  
He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

*Enter Olde Lady.*

*Gent. within.* Come backe: what meane you?  
*Lady.* He not come backe, the rydings that I bring  
Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels  
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person  
Vnder their blessed wings.

*King.* Now by thy looks  
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?  
Say I, and of a boy.

*Lady.* I, I my Liege,  
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen  
Both now, and euer blese her: 'Tis a Gyrl  
Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen  
Desires your Visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,  
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

*King.* Lonell,  
*Lady.* Sir.

*King.* Giue her an hundred Markes.

*He to the Queene.* *Exit King.*  
*Lady.* An hundred Markes? By this light, he ha more.  
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.  
I will haue more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the Gyrl was like to him? He  
Haue more, or else vsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,  
He put it to the issue. *Exit Lady.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Cranmer, Archbpy of Canterbury.*

*Cran.* I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman  
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me  
To make great hast. All fast? What meanes this? How?  
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

*Enter Keeper.*  
*Keep.* Yes, my Lord:  
But yet I cannot helpe you.

*Cran.* Why?  
*Keep.* Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

*Enter Doctor Butts.*  
*Cran.* So.

*Butts.* This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad  
I came this way so happily. The King  
Shall vnderstand it presently. *Exit Butts.*

*Cran.* 'Tis Butts.  
The Kings Physitian, as he past along  
How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me:  
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,  
(God turne their hearts, I neuer sought their malice)  
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me  
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councellor  
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.  
But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King, and Butts, at a Windowe*  
*above.*

*Butts.* He shew your Grace the strangest sight.  
*King.* What's that Butts?

*Butts.* I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.

*King.* Body a me: where is it?

*Butts.* There my Lord:  
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,  
Who holds his State at doore 'mongst Pursuants,  
Pages, and Foot-boyes.

*King.* Ha? 'Tis he indeed.

*Is this the Honour they doe one another?*

*Tis well there's one about 'em yet; I had thought*

*They had parted so much honesty among 'em,*

*At least good manners; as not thus to suffer*

*A man of his Place, and to neere our fauour*

*To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,*

*And at the doore too, like a Post with Packets:*

*By holy Mary (Butts) there's knauery;*

*Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close: I will*

*We shall heare more anon.*

*A Councell Table brought in with Chayres, and Stooles, and*

*placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places*

*himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A*

*Seate being left void above him, as for Canterburies Seate.*

*Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Cham-*

*berlaine, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side.*

*Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.*

*Chan.* Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary;

*Why are we met in Councell?*

*Crom.* Please your Honours,

*The chiefe cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.*

*Gard.* Ha's he had knowledge of it?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there?

*Keep.* Without my Noble Lords?

*Gard.* Yes.

*Keep.* My Lord Archbishop:

*And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.*

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*Keep.* Your Grace may enter now.

*Cranmer approaches the Councell Table.*

*Chan.* My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry

*To sit heere at this present, and behold*

*That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men*

*In our owne natures fraile, and capable*

*Of our flesh, few are Angels; out of which frailty*

*And want of wisdom, you that best should teach vs,*

*Haue misdeem'd your selfe, and not a little:*

*Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling*

*The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines*

*(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,*

*Diuers and dangerous; which are Heresies;*

*And not reform'd, may proue pernicious.*

*Gard.* Which Reformation must be sodaine too

*My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,*

*Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;*

*But stop their mouths with stubborn Bits & spurres 'em,*

*Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer*

*Out of our easinesse and childish pitty*

*To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse;*

*Farwell all Physicke: and what follows then?*

*Comotions, vprores, with a generall Taint*

*Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,*

*The vpper Germany can deereely witnesse:*

*Yet freshly pittied in our memories.*

*Cran.* My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse

*Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,*

*And with no litle study, that my teaching*

And the strong course of my Authority,  
Might goe one way, and safely; and the end  
Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,  
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his priuate Conscience, and his place,  
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:  
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart  
With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make  
Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment;  
Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships,  
That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely vrge against me.

*Steff.* Nay, my Lord,

That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,

And by that vertue no man dare accuse you. *(ment,*

*Gard.* My Lord, because we haue busines of more mo-

We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure

And our consent, for better tryall of you,

From hence you be committed to the Towre,

Where being but a priuate man againe,

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,

More then (I feare) you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah my good Lord of Winchester: I thanke you,

You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,

I shall both finde your Lordship, Iudge and Iuror,

You are so mercifull. I see your end,

'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekenesse, Lord

Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:

Win straying Soules with modesty againe,

Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,

Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,

I make as litle doubt as you doe conscience,

In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,

But reuerence to your calling, makes me modest.

*Gard.* My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,

That's the plaine truth; your painted gloss discouers

To men that vnderstand you, words and weaknesse.

*Crom.* My Lord of Winchester, y'are a little,

By your good fauour, too sharpe; Men so Noble,

How euer faultly, yet should finde respect

For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,

To load a falling man.

*Gard.* Good M. Secretary,

I cry your Honour mercie; you may worke

Of all this Table say so.

*Crom.* Why my Lord?

*Gard.* Doe not I know you for a Fauourer

Of this new Sect? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound?

*Gard.* Not sound I say.

*Crom.* Would you were halfe so honest:

Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares.

*Gard.* I shall remember this bold Language.

*Crom.* Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much;

Forbeare for thame my Lords.

*Gard.* I haue done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed

I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,

You be conuaid to th' Towre a Prisoner;

There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure

Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.